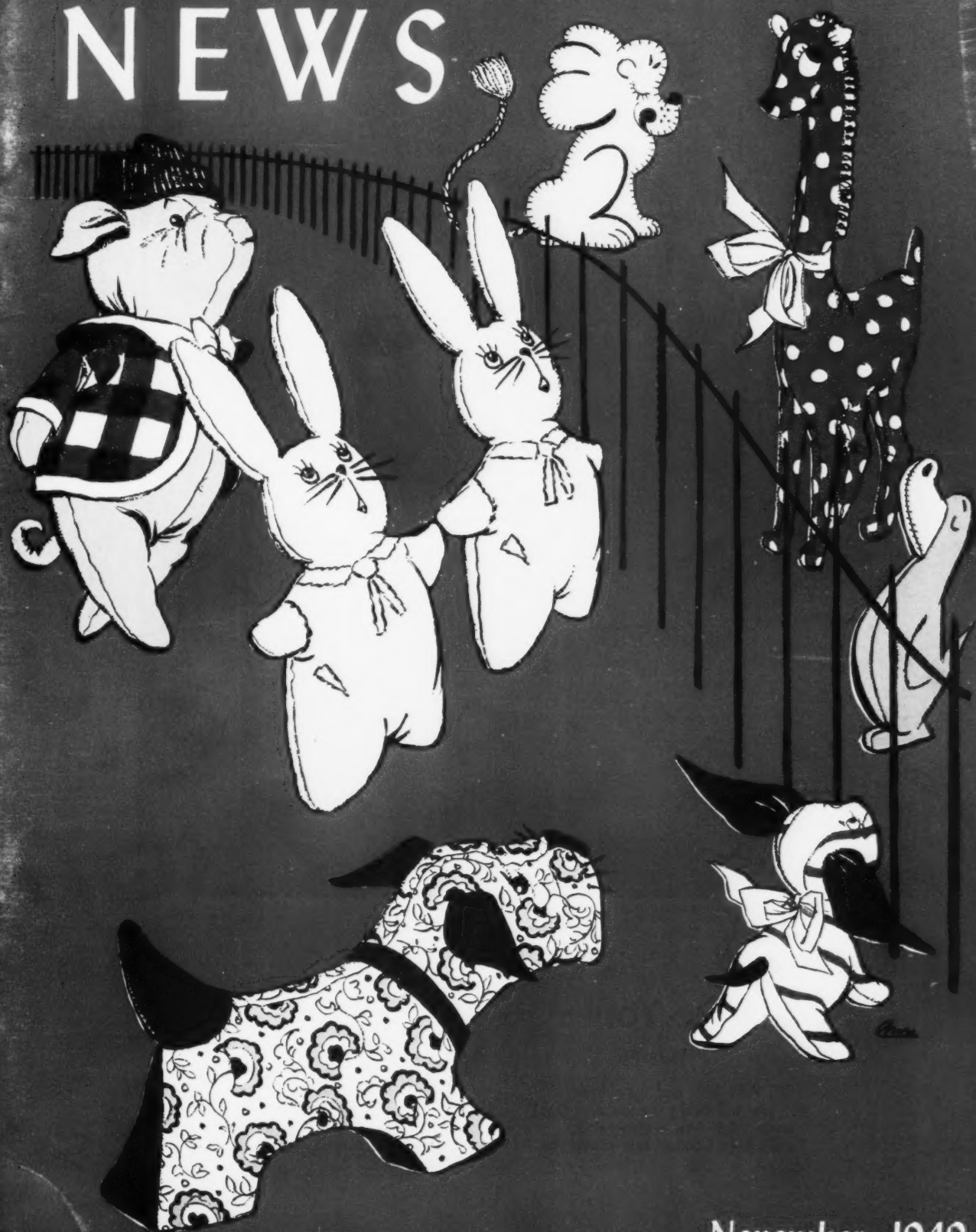


American Junior Red Cross NEWS



November 1949



RED CROSS PHOTO BY WALLACE

I Like You!

FRANCES FROST

YOU ARE BIG and I am little,
But you will swing me far and high!
I shall laugh into the morning,
Touch toes against the windy sky.

I am small and you're up-growing,
You are tall and I'm still short,
But you will swing me, catch me, tell me,
"Hang on tight and hold the fort!"

You will teach me truth and friendship,
Laughter and fidelity.
You will swing me into sunlight,
Keeping a brother's eye on me!

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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ADVENTURES IN GROWING UP

DOES YOUR father or mother ever measure to see how fast you are growing? My father used to measure me. I would stand as tall and straight as I could with my back flattened against the wall. With a pencil my father made a mark where the top of my head reached. What fun it was then to see how high the new mark was above the old one!

Growing is a big adventure any way you look at it. Growing tall is only one way we grow. Growing heavier is another. Growing strong and healthy bodies is still another.

We also grow in knowledge and experience. From the time we are born until we are really old, we are learning new things.

We can, if we choose, grow in ways we can't measure on the scales or by a yardstick. Growing in friendliness, in kindness, in courage, in patience, in love for all peoples and for God are only a few of these.

FREELY GIVE

MANY WAYS are offered Junior Red Cross members for giving thanks for the good things they have had during the past year. Gift boxes can be filled for children overseas. Soft toys can be made of gay prints or oilcloth.

Holiday favors will be welcomed by shut-ins. Cranberry relish for a veterans hospital, as described on pages 22-23 in this month's News, was the way one class showed thanks.

In whatever Thanksgiving service you undertake, you will want to remember: "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*"

ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE

BEGIN YOUR YEAR of service in Junior Red Cross by enrolling your class early. November 1-15 are the dates suggested for enrollment. Hang the new poster in your classroom and place a Red Cross sticker in the window, showing others you are 100 per cent enrolled.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



WILLIS LINDQUIST

Illustrations by
George Meyerreicks

"Heel, Mike! Heel!"

Do you own a dog—or hope to own one some day? You will want to read how Tommy helped train Mike, a Gordon setter pup, to grow up properly.

WEALTHY Mr. Manning, who lived in the beautiful brick house at the edge of Willow Grove, looked sharply at Tommy.

"Why do you think you want to work in my kennel?" he asked.

Tommy felt a trembling wave inside of him. He wasn't going to get the job. He just knew he wasn't. "Because I like dogs, sir. Some day I'm going to buy a Gordon setter and I want to know how to take care of it."

"Hummm." Mr. Manning stroked his clipped red mustache thoughtfully. "I'd say that was a pretty good reason. Unfortunately, I don't need any help."

Tommy looked down at the ground, and pressed his lips tightly together. He had failed. He had scrubbed his face and combed his black hair and put on his best clothes so that Mr. Manning would like him.

Mr. Manning had one of the finest kennels of gold and black Gordon setters in the

country. He often won prizes at the dog shows, and men came from all over to buy from him.

"I—I wouldn't need any pay, sir," Tommy said. "It would be pay enough just to learn about dogs, especially Gordon setters."

"Just what do you know about Gordon setters, Tommy?" asked Mr. Manning.

"N-not very much," Tommy confessed, flushing. "I've read about them in dog magazines and I like them best of all."

"We'll see how much you know about them," said Mr. Manning. "Come with me."

WITH HIS heart hammering, Tommy followed Mr. Manning to the dog kennel. They stopped before a kennel with the name "Lady Mae" in small black letters above it.

"Do you know who Lady Mae is?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir! That's your famous champion," said Tommy.

"And these are her five pups," said Mr. Manning with pride in his voice. "If I do say it myself, there never was a finer litter."

For a few minutes, Tommy watched the pups with complete fascination, so that he almost forgot Mr. Manning was standing beside him.

"Let us suppose," said Mr. Manning, "that you are a man who has come to buy one of these pups. Which one would you choose? Now take your time."

Tommy was frightened for a moment. Mr. Manning was putting him to a test and if he failed . . . He couldn't fail. He watched the pups tumble and play with each other for several minutes. Finally he pointed, "I'd take that one."

"Why?"

"Well," said Tommy, "they've all got good color and fine dark eyes, but that one is bigger. He's got stronger bones. His head is long and his body is short, and he's the smartest one in the litter because he leads the others around."

Mr. Manning chuckled. "A good answer, Tommy," he said with admiration. "If I could keep only one myself, that would be the one I'd choose."

He lifted the pup out of the kennel and handed it to Tommy.

"A boy who knows dogs that well, and who loves them so much he wants to work for nothing, ought to be given a chance," he said smiling. "If you care to help me clean out the kennel every day, I'll teach you how to train this pup for me."

Tommy's heart gave a wild leap, and his face beamed with happiness. "Thanks, Mr. Manning. I'll — I'll work real hard. You won't be sorry."

"I probably won't be," said Mr. Manning as though he meant it. "Now what should we call the pup?"

Tommy thought for a moment. "Could we call him Mike?"

"Good! We'll call him Mike. I'll give him a kennel name later. First we'll teach him the command, *steady*."

Mr. Manning brought out a handful of

raw meat on a dish, handed it to Tommy, and gave him instructions.

The moment Tommy set the dish on the ground, Mike leaped for it. But Tommy had been warned to expect that and had his hand against the pup's chest, holding him back. "*Steady*," he said in a quiet voice. "*Steady*."

The pup fought against his hand for a few minutes. The moment he quieted, Tommy took his hand away. "All right," he said, and Mike quickly went for the meat.

They went through it three times and then Mr. Manning said it was enough for that day. Little pups couldn't stand more than 10 or 15 minutes of school a day.

FOR A WEEK Tommy worked on that one command, *steady*, until Mike knew it perfectly. They could tumble and chase around Mr. Manning's big yard, but the moment Tommy said "*steady*" the little pup would freeze in his tracks.

"That's fine," said Mr. Manning. "Now we'll work on the command, *come*."



The moment Tommy said "*steady*," the pup would freeze in his tracks.

When Tommy had his instruction clearly in mind he put the pup on a long leash and went walking around the yard. "*Steady*," he said. Mike stopped short.

"*Come*." The pup did not know what that meant, so Tommy repeated the word and pulled the dog to him. The third time

they tried, Mike seemed to understand and came as quickly as he could.



In a few days Mike knew the command "come" so well that he could be let off the leash.

"That's enough schooling for one day," Mr. Manning warned. "We don't want Mike to get tired. Otherwise he won't like school."

In a few days Mike knew the command *come* so well that he could be let off the leash. Sometimes Tommy would say "*steady*" and then run and hide before he said "*come*." But Mike always found him almost at once.

IT WAS all like a glorious game. It never took Tommy longer than half an hour to help Mr. Manning clean the kennel. But there were times when he had to miss a good baseball game or a swim to do it.

His friends were annoyed with him — especially Dick, who had a big brown water spaniel of his own.

"Why should you work for nothing?" Dick said. "There's no sense to training dogs fancy like that anyway. Look at Skipper here. He's never been trained and I like him a whole lot better than Mr. Manning likes any of his!"

It was true that Skipper was a wonderful dog. He certainly was a faithful pal for Dick. They were always having fun together.

Tommy began to wonder a little. A show

dog might have to learn all those commands, but Tommy knew very well he would never be rich enough to own a show dog for many years. All he really wanted was a good pal, and a good pal did not need to be trained.

HE BECAME a little discouraged when he tried to teach Mike the command, *down*. Mr. Manning said it was one of the hardest things to teach a dog.

"*Down*," Tommy would say, and he'd press on the pup's hips so that he sat. But when he pulled the front legs straight out, Mike always thought he was playing and would roll over and over, kicking his feet in the air.



"*Down*," Tommy would say, and he'd press on the pup's hips so that he sat.

Tommy was almost ready to give up. He couldn't see that it was important anyway.

But on the sixth day it happened. He got Mike to lie down like a sphinx. Quickly, Tommy said "*up*," slipping his hand under Mike and raising him at the same time to his feet. They repeated it several times, and Tommy almost held his breath, he was so excited.

For days they practiced until Mike would drop at command even when Tommy was across the lawn. Tommy would leave him lying for a while, sometimes even walking out of sight in back of the house as a test, but Mike did not get up until he was told to do so.

Next came *fetch*. Tommy put the rubber ball into the pup's mouth as he said

"*fetch!*" Then he would take it out, saying "*give*" at the same time.

After several minutes of this, he put the ball on the ground and said "*fetch.*" Nothing happened. He pressed the dog's head down to the ball and said "*fetch.*"

Soon he could roll the ball a few feet and Mike would fetch it at command and bring it back. By the end of the week, Mike would fetch anything, no matter how far Tommy threw it.

THE LAST — and one of the most important — yardbreaking lessons was *heel*. At that command the dog is supposed to come close, walking beside its master with its nose even with the master's knees, and it is supposed to hold that position until freed by the command *on*.

Often Mike tried to get ahead or behind when Tommy said "*heel.*" But Tommy always drew him back into position with a shortened leash until the pup learned to keep its place. Then at the word *on* he took off the leash and let the pup have its freedom to do what it pleased.

Several times he took Mike for long walks through town with Mike never breaking from his position at *heel* once.

Dick saw him doing it one day and thought it was silly. "If you really liked the dog," he said, "you'd let it run and have some fun. I'll bet you're afraid."

"I'm not!" said Tommy indignantly, and to prove it he let Mike run.

Whenever Tommy and Dick were together, they let the dogs run and play tag with each other.

AND THEN one day as the boys were walking together, a cat raced across the street through heavy traffic. The dogs leaped after it.

"Skipper!" screamed Dick.

"*Heel, Mike! Heel!*" shouted Tommy with his heart in his throat.

Mike turned, came back to Tommy's side. But Skipper raced on. He was lost in the traffic. There was a sharp squeal of brakes. Dick burst into tears. He didn't dare look.

Tommy was still trembling when he reached Mr. Manning's house and told him about it. "Skipper's got a broken back leg. It's lucky he wasn't killed."

Mr. Manning cleared his throat. "Sometimes you wondered why we should bother training a dog like that, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. But not any more. Even Dick's going to train his dog now. It saved Mike's life. If — if anything had happened to Mike, I'd have —" Tears came to his eyes and he couldn't finish.

"As long as Mike lives, you'll have reason to be thankful and proud that you've trained him well."

"Y-yes, sir," said Tommy, puzzled by Mr. Manning's words.

"You've trained Mike, Tommy. You're his real master, not I. You both love each other and I'd never think of parting you."

Tommy stared. He couldn't believe his ears. "But — but supposing you want to sell him some day?"

Mr. Manning laughed. "What I'm trying to say is that Mike belongs to you. I gave him to you long ago. He's all yours. You've earned him. By having you around here my dogs have become used to children. They won't be so nervous in the shows now when children are around, and I'll win more prizes."

Tommy could hardly say thanks. He raced home as if there were wings on his heels, with Mike scampering far ahead of him. And not once did he tell Mike to *heel!*





Flower Baskets

"for sale"

These refugee boys and girls in Germany are growing up in hard times, but Robert M. de Lany, Red Cross field director in Germany, tells how they are trying to make the best of what they have.

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I WAS your age—and that was a long time ago—I asked my mother, one hot Saturday morning, if she would make a big pitcher of iced lemonade.

"I want to put up a card table in the front yard," I told her, "and sell glasses of lemonade to the people who come by our house." I knew this would be lots of fun.

Mother said, "All right." And in no time at all she squeezed the lemons and put in the sugar and ice, while I got out the table and a chair. Then I printed a cardboard sign with colored crayon, like this: **FRESH LEMONADE ONLY 5 CENTS.**

Before lunch time, I had sold sixteen glasses and had 80 cents. Even the mailman bought some.

And when my father came home at noon, he made believe he was a stranger passing by. He asked lots of questions and made funny faces at me and said, "Young man, if you keep this up, you'll be a millionaire some day!"

Now, over here in Germany, many years later, something happened which made me think of the day I played storekeeper with my lemonade-stand on our sidewalk back in America.

I was driving in my car along the high-

way to Hamburg. It was Saturday morning and the weather was hot. But there was a nice cool breeze, too, because the road was lined with beautiful tall pine trees.

Coming around a curve, I saw a little boy standing by the road. In his outstretched hand he held something green. I couldn't tell what it was.

Then suddenly there was a girl holding out the same strange object. And further on, another girl, then another boy. All along the road, as far as I could see, were boys and girls.

Quickly I stopped the car. I wanted to find out what was going on!

Then all the children came running toward me—those I had passed, and those



It was Mother's Day when I took this picture of a brother and sister, dressed in their "Sunday best." Only a few children were on the road—and not in their usual bare feet and rags. Evidently, the world over, parents "spruce up" their children for holidays, even though the clothes are cut-me-downs.



◀ This boy with glasses was "smart as a whip." I told the children I could buy one more basket. "The boy who touches that tree and gets back here first will be the one," I said. Instantly this boy scampered off and won the race!

I call this boy the "sad" one—he never smiled. He lives in one room with five brothers and sisters. He said he had sold only one basket all week long. It will be a long time before I forget the sadness in his eyes. ▶



from up ahead. Soon I was surrounded. Everywhere I looked, on all sides of the car, I could see children and their offerings.

There must have been 25 children, bare-footed and poorly clothed. One little girl wore a dress that wasn't a dress at all. It was only old patches of cloth sewn together.

The children could not speak English, of course, except for one word: "Please!" They shouted it over and over, in a rich chorus of high voices.

And now and then I understood some of the German they used. "*Essen! Essen!*" they cried. "*Ich habe hunger!*" (Eat, eat, I am hungry!)

Perhaps you have guessed that the chil-

dren were selling something. Yes, they were selling flower baskets made from leaves and pine twigs and bits of wire.

Each basket had a handle, and on the handle was pinned a bit of paper on which was written *Gruesse*, which means "Greetings." In some of the baskets were flowers made of colored paper. Others had real flowers—pansies—tucked into the damp moss.

I wanted to buy them all. Each basket cost three German "marks," enough to buy a few loaves of bread and several eggs. I had just 24 marks in my pocket.

So I lined up the children and played "eenie-meenie-minie-mo" with them until I had eight baskets in my car!

Luckily I had some chocolate bars, so everyone was made happy, even those who didn't sell me their baskets.

Then, just as I was about to drive away, one of the boys said something in a loud voice to the others. Instantly, the children began to sing. It was a song of thanks.

The older boys and girls sang lustily, their faces aglow with smiles. The smaller children did not know the song very well, but they moved their mouths and did the best they could.

It made me feel very warm down inside. And very sad, too.

I wanted to know more about these boys and girls. Where had they come from?



These girls smile happily as they pose with baskets which I had already bought from them.

What about their mothers and fathers? Why were they hungry?

So, a few days later, I visited them again and learned that they lived in a group of low wooden shacks, in a field behind the pine trees. Four hundred children and over a thousand grownups live there.

It is the only place they have now because they were made homeless by the war. They were born in the eastern part of Germany, over near Poland, and when the war was over their real homes and farmlands were given to the Polish people. They were told they must move away.

For many weeks they wandered along the roads toward the west. Finally they came to an abandoned airport. That is where they have been living for over 3 years.

At first there was no work for making money, no extra clothing, and no furniture. But somehow they managed to survive.

They built beds and chairs from old lumber and made stoves out of metal oil barrels. People living in nice homes on nearby farms helped all they could and gave many of the fathers work in the fields. But in the winter they were always cold, and many were ill.

The children couldn't go to school in the beginning. There was no school to go to, and no books or pencils. And of course there were no stores or movies.

Everyone said, "We *must* find some way to earn money or we will starve!"

That was when the boys and girls decided to open up their own "store" along the side of the road.

"But what can we sell?" they asked. "We have only our worn clothing and the few belongings we carried for so many miles."

Then they got an idea. Why not try to make something out of nature itself from evergreen branches and flowers?

And that is what they did.

They gathered twigs and moss and fashioned the little baskets I've been telling you about. Then they went out to the road.

Most of the people who drove past the camp knew about the refugees and felt sorry for them, especially for the children. They knew that the children were too young to have caused the war or to realize why there had been a war at all.

So, many travelers stopped to buy the baskets, and before long the children had a fine roadside business.

Some sell four or five baskets a week, though much of their time is spent in gathering the material from the woods. It takes 2 hours to make a basket. Their mothers help now, but the children do most of the selling.

The families are happier than they were 3 years ago. But they still are in great need. No matter how many baskets are sold, they will never have money to spare. Yet there is a school in one of the buildings now, and a kind of church. And, once a week, the nearest town sends them a movie.

ONE SMALL BOY named Hans invited me to his home. It had only one tiny room. Hans has a mother, a father, and five brothers and sisters.

In the corner was the little stove, and there were some crude wooden beds. At the window were paper curtains. On the walls they had tacked up some pictures from old magazines.

It was a home made from nothing at all, but it was their own.

No one knows how long these people must live where they are. They dare not think very far into the future. They must think mostly of today and tomorrow. But soon a large canning factory will be built about a mile from the camp. Then many of the fathers and the older boys will find work.

Do you see why I thought of my lemonade stand when I came across these boys and girls? I said to myself, "I put up a store by my house just to have some fun. I spent my money for candy and the circus. Here in this war-torn country, these children have turned to nature to provide them with something to sell—not for fun but for food."

For me it was fun, selling lemonade. For them, selling is hard, hard work.

In this Thanksgiving season, let's remember how fortunate we are that we can grow up and have plenty of food, a good place in which to sleep, and a future to plan for.

And whenever there is something we can do for others who are not so lucky as we, let's do our best to help with all our hearts.



Soft toys are fun!

RED CROSS PHOTO BY RIORDAN

SOFT TOYS are fun to make, as Junior Red Cross boys and girls well know. Dogs, cats, giraffes, clowns, ducks—what a variety of shapes and materials is used!

Best of all, what fun soft toys are for the boys and girls overseas who perhaps haven't had a toy to cuddle for a long time.

The latest shipment of 1,000 soft toys went to the Norwegian Junior Red Cross. These were distributed in hospitals for children and in a new home there for mentally handicapped children.

Besides this shipment, 10,000 soft toys have been sent recently to the boys and girls in the Middle East and 2,000 to Finland.

Fifty soft toys were shipped to a school for the blind in Belgium. By handling the toys, these blind children learn the shapes of the different animals.

Request has recently come from Germany for 30,000 soft toys to be given the children who live in Displaced Persons camps or who may be on their way to their new homes in the United States.

Perhaps your class would like to make some of these soft toys, too, so that more boys and girls might be made happy.



MERCURY PICTURES, HAMMOND, IND.

▲ **WIDE VARIETY**—Maywood School pupils, Hammond, Ind., show some of the many types of toys made for JRC gifts.

◀ **TOYS BRING JOY**—Children in Salzburg, Austria, cuddle soft toys made for them by American Juniors.

PHOTO HEINRICH MAYR, SALZBURG



Mutual admiration and delight about the contents.



THE DISTRIBUTION IN A CHILDREN'S-HOSPITAL was a tremendous success.

DISTRIBUTION IN A CHILDREN'S-HOSPITAL.
"Is all this really for me?"



For Sick-a-bed Children in the Netherlands

*A ray of sunshine came with chests of gifts made by members
of the Netherlands Junior Red Cross from articles sent by
the American Juniors.*

MANY sick children in the Netherlands have to spend months in bed before they can get well.

Hospitals are crowded so hundreds of boys and girls have to be cared for in their homes. They have had a sad time, for material for sheets and towels and pajamas has been hard to get since the war.

When the American Junior Red Cross heard about this from the Netherlands Junior Red Cross, they decided to help do something about it.

Material, paid for from the National Children's Fund, was first sent from the United States as a gift from the American Junior Red Cross.

◀ A PAGE from a handsome album from the Netherlands is pictured at the left. The making of this album was the way the Netherlands Junior Red Cross chose to say "Thank You" to their friends in the United States for their gifts to them.

The album was brought to this country last summer by Mr. Corstiaan Kleywegt, head supervisor of the teacher-training colleges in the Netherlands. He came here with 16 other educators as a study guest of the American Junior Red Cross to learn about our schools and our Junior Red Cross.

Then the girls in sewing classes in the Netherlands set to work to make things out of this material which were needed by the sick-a-bed children. From the flannel, 3,000 yards of it, they made pajamas. Then they cut and hemmed two small sheets from each single sheet that was received.

Besides pajamas and sheets, the American Junior Red Cross sent pillowcases, wool blankets, bath towels, washcloths, bedroom slippers, and toilet soap.

The boys in the Netherlands wanted to do their part, too. They made sturdy chests to hold all the articles, a chest for each sick child.

When the work was all finished, they had made and filled 500 chests for distributing to 500 homes where there were sick-a-bed children.

One chest went to Milp Maarleveld, a little 7-year-old girl, who is not only ill of tuberculosis, but is also deaf and dumb and blind.

Another chest was given to Teunis de Man, a boy who was shot through the spine during the fight for the liberation of his village. He will never be able to move again. He can only use his hands a tiny little bit.

Every one of the aid chests has a story. They are all sad stories. The bright ray of sunshine in the darkness comes with the gift of the chest.

These chests could not have been made and filled except by the boys and girls of the United States and the Netherlands working together through Junior Red Cross.



Lucy Tigertail

ROSE LEION

Drawings by Weda Yapp

Lucy, a Seminole Indian girl living along Lake Okeechobee in Florida, had more than one big adventure as she was growing up!

THE LITTLE brown rabbit crawled under the fence and hopped away," read Annie Gopher.

"That's very good," smiled Miss Amelia. "Now, let's see, who would like to read next? Lucy Tigertail, would you like to—*Lucy Tigertail!*"

Lucy Tigertail jumped in her chair. She rubbed her sleepy eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Amelia. I think I fell asleep!"

"Lucy Tigertail, how will you ever learn to be a good reader if you fall asleep at reading time?" asked Miss Amelia kindly. "Don't you want to learn to read like the other Seminole Indian children of Lake Okeechobee?"

"Oh yes!" cried Lucy, "only every time I look at the words, they seem to jump around on the page and make me sleepy."

"Oogah, oogah!" sang the horn on Tony Gopher's little old car. Tony, dressed in a brightly striped Indian blouse and a red scarf, stuck his smiling brown face out the window.

"Well, here is Annie's father to take you home—school is dismissed. Tomorrow, Lucy Tigertail, we will try again."

Lucy and Annie Gopher climbed into the back seat of the car, and Tony Gopher started to drive back to camp.

"Did you have fun in school today?" Tony Gopher asked the children.

"Oh yes!" said Annie. "We played a new American game called 'soccer' during recess, only Lucy missed the ball, and it hit her on the head!"

"Did you get hurt?" asked Tony Gopher.

"No," laughed Lucy, "I just didn't see the ball coming towards me."

"Miss Amelia said I read very well, father," said Annie Gopher.

"I wish I could read well, too," said Lucy.

"Why can't you?" asked Tony.

"I don't know," said Lucy, "but every time I look at the words in the book, they jump around so much they make me dizzy. Then I get sleepy."

Tony Gopher looked serious. "That's very strange," he said. "In the evening, when I go to Brighton School with the other Seminole mothers and fathers, the words don't jump around in front of my eyes—I can see them plain and bright as the sun!"

THE NEXT DAY, while the other children were playing soccer, Miss Amelia had Lucy stand by the window. The teacher stood near the door and held up little square cards for Lucy to look at.

"Tell me what you see," said Miss Amelia.

"I see a white card," said Lucy.

"Don't you see anything on it, Lucy?"

"No, Miss Amelia."

Miss Amelia shook her head. Then she said, "When your mother comes to school tonight, I will talk to her about getting glasses for you. They will help you to read. You just wait and see!"

Before Lucy knew it, it was Saturday, and Tony Gopher was taking them all to town in his little old car. Lucy's mother, Mis-kee Tigertail, and Annie's mother sat in the front seat with Tony Gopher, and Lucy and Annie sat in the back.

At the store they bought some beautiful blue calico and orange gingham and yellow percale to make pretty skirts and capes. They all had hamburgers and orange juice at the five-and-ten-cent store.

"Now," said Mis-kee, "we are going to see Dr. Sanders."

Dr. Sanders met them in his office with a friendly smile. He was wearing a snow-white coat. He took a tiny flashlight and looked into Lucy's eyes.

Then he held circles of clear glass in front of Lucy's eyes and told her to read the letters in the mirror. And pretty soon Lucy found she could read the letters perfectly!

The day that Lucy came to school wearing her new glasses, all the children crowded around her.

"How do they feel?" asked Cowboy Billy curiously.

"They feel fine," laughed Lucy. And when it came time to read, Lucy stood up and read a whole page. And she didn't fall asleep all day!

(Continued on the next page)



When Tony Gopher drove the children home after school, Lucy stared and stared out the window. Everything looked so bright and clear. She could see every leaf of the palmetto fronds fluttering in the breeze.

AS THE CAR rattled into camp, they noticed a crowd of people around Tony Gopher's *chickee*. (*Chickee* is the Seminole word for shelter or house.)

"What has happened?" Tony cried.

"Katie Gopher is lost!" said Cowboy Billy. "She crawled away, and they can't find her anywhere!"

"Oh, my little baby sister!" cried Annie Gopher.

"Let's go look for her!" said Cowboy Billy.

"No," said Tony Gopher, "we don't want you children to get lost too! The sawgrass on the edge of our camp grows thick and high, and will swallow you up, and we may never find you."

"But we want to help find Katie," said Lucy.

"Well, then, you may walk around the edge of the camp, but don't go into the swamp."

"We promise!" shouted the children. They watched Tony Gopher and the other Seminole fathers get in the cypress canoe and pushpole into Lake Okeechobee.

"We will come back when we have found her. If you find Katie first, give us the hoot-owl signal," they said.

The Seminole mothers and children started to look all over the camp.

Lucy Tigertail walked towards the tall green sawgrass waving in the wind. It was so high and thick you couldn't see beyond it. But Lucy looked sharply everywhere. She could see so clearly with her new glasses.

The sawgrass rustled gently, bending in the wind. Suddenly, to the right, the grass waved *against* the wind, bending in the opposite direction. A

rattlesnake! He must be moving through the grass! The sawgrass always waved against the wind when a rattlesnake was slithering through it.

Lucy stood very still, and looked hard. The grass waved again in the opposite direction. Lucy stood as stiff as a little Seminole doll. Then she heard a tiny cry—a baby's cry!

Lucy stepped carefully into the field of waving sawgrass. It was so tall, it covered her head and hid the sun. It was dark under the leaves. But there was Katie Gopher on her hands and knees, trying to crawl out of the sawgrass.

The sharp blades of sawgrass had ripped her pretty cape of red and blue stripes. But the baby wasn't hurt.

"Oh, Katie, I'm so glad I've found you!" cried Lucy.

She picked the baby up in her arms and carefully made her way through the sawgrass so the sharp blades wouldn't tear her wide skirt.

"And all the time I thought you were a rattlesnake!" laughed Lucy.

"I've found Katie!" shouted Lucy, as she reached the clearing.

"Good! Good!" cried all the Seminole women and children. Then Mis-kee Tigertail cupped her hands to her mouth. "Hoo-hoo-hoo-ho, ho, to-ho-ah-ah!" she called.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-ho, ho, to-ho-ah-ah!" came the father's answer across the great water.

"They will come back now and find my Katie safe and well," laughed Annie's mother, as she hugged her baby, "thanks to you, Lucy Tigertail!"

"Oh, thank you for finding my baby sister," cried Annie Gopher.

"You found Katie because you can see so well with your new glasses," said Cowboy Billy. "I think they look fine!"

"Yes, they look fine!" said all the mothers and children.

And Lucy Tigertail was so pleased and happy, all she could do was smile a great big smile!

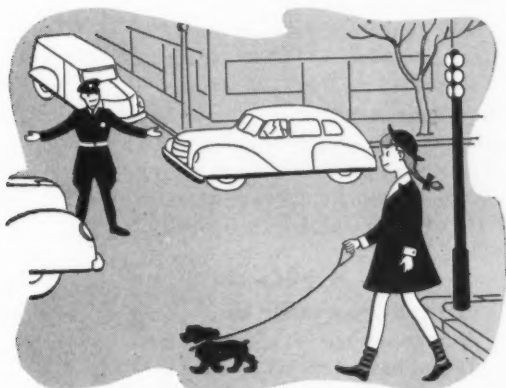


To Grow Up

—Safely!



▲ Be careful when you get off a bus.



▲ Look both ways when you cross the street.



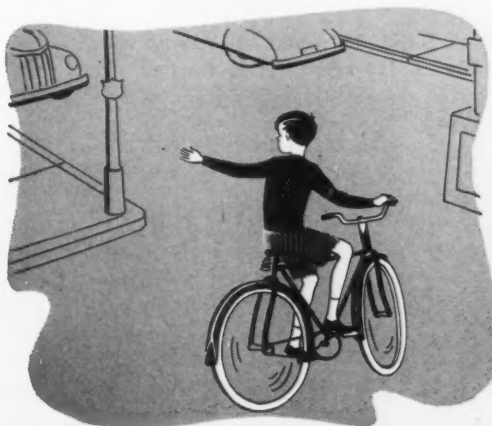
DRAWINGS BY JO FISHER



▲ Cross only at intersections or crosswalks. Never dart out between parked cars.



▲ Face oncoming traffic along highway. Walk in single file.



▲ Heed rules for riding bicycles, scooters, or other vehicles.
◀ Watch out for traffic when you go into the street to recover a ball.

Eat right to Grow right

Boys and girls in the Douglass-Simmons School (District of Columbia Chapter) give you some hints which will help you grow up healthy, happy—and wise!



▲ FOR THE LUNCHBOX—Hennepin County JRC Council (Minneapolis, Minn.) shows how to make tasty sandwiches, deviled eggs, and "grapejuice Arctic."

FOOD FUN

WHEN YOU come home tired from school and you are hungry and thirsty, you can fix yourself an "Apple Pinwheel."

Here's what to do: Slice an apple in two, cross-wise, through the center. In the middle spread some peanut butter and stick in some raisins. Then get a glass of milk and you will have something mighty fine! You'll want more!

SING-SONG

SING a song of sunshine
Keep your heart up high!
It helps digest the vitamins
And *that's* something you can't buy!

RIDDLE

IT'S red, it's round and nice to chew,
One a day keeps the doctor from you!

FRUIT BOWL PUZZLE

(See if you can figure it out)

HERE'S a great big bowl of 6-18-21-9-20.
Pick whatever kind will suit.
Here's an 15-18-1-14-7-5 good for you,
An 1-16-16-12-5, 16-5-1-3-8, or 16-12-21-13
of blue.

If you'd like some juicy 13-5-12-15-14
Serve it with a slice of 12-5-13-15-14;
And if none of these will do
Here's a bunch of 7-18-1-16-5-19 for you!

A GOOD BUY

DO not buy a candy bar,
Buy an orange—it's best by far.
If you have a nickel or dime
It's no crime to buy an orange or two.
My goodness—it will taste good to you!

THE "SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS"—who go from school to school telling JRC members their secrets of good health—pay a call to this class in Lebanon, Pa. ▼



QUILL & PRINTS CORPUS CHRISTI

FINE WORK IN TEXAS—At Sacred Heart School, Corpus Christi (Nueces County) JRC members filled 71 gift boxes for children overseas. ➤



BOULEVARD NEWS PHOTO

◀ **IN THE FAR WEST** — Boys and girls at Boettcher Crippled Children's School, Denver, Colo., "try out" some of the gifts they are putting in the boxes.



TAMPA DAILY TIMES

TAMPA, FLORIDA, Junior Red Cross members at B. C. Graham School check over the contents of boxes before sending them away to be mailed overseas. ▼

*"Freely
Give"*

From Maine to California boys and girls are busy in Junior Red Cross making gifts to bring cheer to others.





▲ TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY—Boys and girls of St. Thomas Chapter, Virgin Islands, filled baskets with food to give to those in need.



FOR CHILDREN OVERSEAS — Fifth graders in Clarke School, Jamestown, R. I., like to fill gift boxes. ➤

JOHN E. McNEIL/JOHN E. McNEIL, JR. FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES
AND PHOTOGRAPHY, LONDON



◀ TO ADD CHEER—Colorful tray favors made by JRC members from East Mansfield School make Thanksgiving day brighter for this patient in a Mansfield, Ohio, hospital.



FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES
"SOAP—WHAT'S THAT?" seems to be the question 3-year-old Heini asks as he opens his AJRC gift box. He is a patient in the children's hospital of a Displaced Persons camp in Berlin.

"Freely Receive"

Gifts from America bring joy to children overseas who, for many war-saddened years, have had to get along without toys or school supplies or warm clothing.

A PERFECT FIT—This little girl smiles as she tries on a dress made in the Junior Red Cross Production Room at Salzburg, Austria, from cloth sent by the American Red Cross. ➤

SWIFT HENNING/DALEY, SALZBURG



IN FINLAND these 9-year-old twins, Liisa and Leena, puzzle over the label on the can of toothpowder, which was among the gifts in the boxes sent to them from American Juniors. ▼





EVERYONE HELPS—First, the cranberries must be carefully sorted to be sure that no spoiled ones are used. Then the berries are washed and measured.

PHOTOS, E. M. LOGAN STUDIOS, WALTHAM, MASS.

Second-graders in Claflin School, Newtonville, Mass., wanted to do something "very special" last Thanksgiving to make a cheerful holiday for men in the veterans hospital. Here is the story of what they did.

Cranberries for Thanksgiving

THE SECOND-GRADERS in the Claflin School, Newtonville, Massachusetts (Newton Chapter), decided the most fun they ever had was when they made cranberry relish last Thanksgiving. Perhaps this was because their cranberry relish was something very special.

All the time they were busy making it,

they thought about the veterans in Cushing Hospital who were going to enjoy it with their Thanksgiving dinner.

They first learned all they could about cranberry growing and cranberry bogs. Then they brought jelly glasses from home, and got the other boys and girls in their school to help, too.

The sugar and cranberries were paid for from the Junior Red Cross service fund. The oranges for the relish were donated by the second graders.

Each child, too, made himself responsible for one cooking utensil to work with. They needed spoons, kettles, grinders, pie plates, and wax paper.

They talked about the recipe to use. Their teacher, Miss Eleanor Sprowl, wrote the recipe on the board so they could all read it—

16 cups of cranberries

4 lbs. of sugar

8 oranges

Put cranberries and oranges through food chopper; add sugar. Let mixture stand 3 days, stirring daily.

When they were ready to begin work, they washed their hands carefully. Then they washed the glasses, and the cranberries and oranges.

Using the measuring cups and meat grinders, they ground the cranberries and oranges. Then they put the fruit in the kettle and added the sugar. How each boy and girl kept careful watch until the relish was all done!

After filling the glasses, the children wrapped each glass in wax paper and red cellophane. Next they tied all the glasses with bright ribbon.

Each child then made a wish that these glasses of relish would help make a cheerful holiday for the men in the hospital.

We think they did, too!



◀ TO THE CHOPPER — Cranberries and oranges are put through the meat grinder, then placed with the sugar to stand for 3 days in a large kettle.

"BET IT TASTES GOOD!" After the glasses are filled with relish they are wrapped in wax paper and red cellophane. Then they are tied with bright ribbon. ▼





MABEL CARSON ALLEN
Illustrated by Milo Winter

The Squirrel Who Wanted to PLAY

BUSHY was a fat brown squirrel. He made his home in the hole of a hollow tree. His squirrel friends lived in the trees nearby.

What fun they had together! They scampered over the grass. They chased each other's tails.

Bushy loved the warm summer days because it stayed light so long. That gave him more time to play.

One night, he decided he'd stay out and play all night. The man-in-the-moon looked down and thought, "That little squirrel ought to be home in bed."

But Bushy played on.

Suddenly Bushy stopped, just as he was about to jump to a lower branch. He heard a queer sound—"Whooooo! whoooo! whoooo!" He ran home as fast as his legs could go.

He didn't know that the sound was only Mr. Owl saying, "Why isn't that squirrel home in bed at this time of night, instead of playing?"

Summer finally came to an end. The days began to be chilly.

One morning when Bushy came out to play, he saw the other squirrels sitting in a large circle. Their heads were up; their tails were straight. They were all chattering away. Bushy ran up to them.

"Hello, what's up?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"

"Oh no," said the squirrels all together, "we just think it is time to gather nuts for the winter."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Bushy. "Gather nuts now? Why winter won't be here for a long, long time."

Johnny Squirrel then spoke up, "I think you're wrong, Bushy. It won't

be long till winter comes. It takes a lot of time to gather enough nuts to last until spring. I think you had better start too."

But Bushy only shook his head. "Not me, I'm going to play. There will be plenty of time to get the nuts later."

And off he scooted. The other squirrels looked at him, and shook their heads.

Day after day the squirrels scampered about hunting for nuts to store away for the snowy winter days. But day after day, Bushy Squirrel played.

Sometimes he would call to the

Bushy called to the busy squirrels, "Oh how silly you are, wasting these fine autumn days working."

busy squirrels, "Oh how silly you are, wasting these fine autumn days working. Why do you hurry so? There is plenty of time. Come on, I'll race you to the old oak tree."

But the squirrels paid no attention to him, except to tell him he'd be sorry. Bushy only laughed and scampered off to have more fun.

ONE MORNING, he wakened out of a sound sleep to hear the wind blowing. He lay still and listened. It sounded like Mr. North Wind. "Ooooh—ooooh—ooooh!"

"My, how that fellow can whistle. Maybe I'd better get out and start gathering some nuts," thought Bushy. "It sounds sort of wintry."

So he crept up to the opening in the hollow tree and poked his little head out.

"Wow!" Down he ducked, only to pop up again to take another peek. He just couldn't believe his eyes.



The ground was covered with snow. The trees were covered with snow. There wasn't a single squirrel or bird to be seen.

Bushy scrambled down the tree and started running over the ground. His little beady eyes watched carefully for nuts. But the snow covered everything. There wasn't a nut to be seen.

"Ooooh, ooooh," sang Mr. North Wind again, as he blew snow all over poor Bushy. For a long, long time Bushy hunted, but he could find nothing.

Finally he crept back home. His fur was soaking wet. His little feet were cold. His beautiful bushy tail dragged in the snow. He was so tired he could hardly climb into the tree.

And worst of all, there was nothing to eat when he did reach home. He was hungry. He began to wish he had listened to his good friends.

"I guess you can't just play all the time," he said to himself. "Maybe everyone has to work at least a little bit. Oh, how sorry I am!"

All day long he sat in his house, cold and wet and hungry.

He curled up and tried to sleep to forget how hungry he was. But he

couldn't sleep. He felt too miserable. He just lay there all in a heap, feeling sorry for himself.

TOWARD EVENING, he heard a small scratching outside his tree. He climbed wearily up to the hole in the tree to look out.

For a moment, he thought he was dreaming. It had stopped snowing. The man-in-the-moon had come out and was smiling down. At the foot of the tree stood all the squirrels.

Johnny Squirrel was the spokesman. "We each brought you some of our nuts, Bushy. They'll last till the snow melts a bit. Then we'll help you hunt for more."

Oh, how ashamed this made Bushy. Here he had to take the nuts his friends had worked hard to gather, while he had played. But he was so hungry, and there was nothing else to do.

When the nuts were safely stored down in his tree, the squirrels started for their homes.

Bushy called to them, "Wait, wait. I want to thank you again for being so kind to me. I didn't deserve it, but I've learned my lesson. I'll never again play when it's time to work."

And he never, never did.





LITTLE FOLKS PACK LITTLE BOXES—Children of Country Day School, Mansfield, Ohio (Richland County Chapter) like to send gifts to boys and girls overseas that will help them to grow up strong and healthy and happy.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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The American National Red Cross

LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....Vice President
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ELEANOR C. FISHBURN.....Managing Editor
HELEN S. LOENHOLDT.....Art Editor

Next Month


● December **NEWS** is filled with Christmas surprises. "Adventures in Giving" is the theme.

● What a California girl did with her sister's Christmas tree is told in the story of "Kathy's Christmas Tree."

● "A Blessed Christmas" is a story of the Christmas celebration in Italy.

● If you like fairy stories—and who doesn't at Christmas time—you will want to read, "Jim, John, and Joe and the Christmas Horse."

● Lots of other surprises will be found in December, too, all bound between gay colored covers drawn by the artist, Dagmar Wilson.



your
HERITAGE
HOPE AND
OPPORTUNITY

AMERICAN JUNIOR
RED CROSS

